

SPIRITUAL

TELEGRAPH

DEVOTED TO THE ILLUSTRATION OF SPIRITUAL INTERCOURSE.

"THE AGITATION OF THOUGHT IS THE BEGINNING OF WISDOM."

PARTRIDGE AND BRITTAN, PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS, NO. 300 BROADWAY--TERMS, TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE; SINGLE COPIES, FIVE CENTS.

VOL. II--NO. 24.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1853.

WHOLE NO., 76.

The Principles of Nature.

EXPERIENCE OF A HEALING MEDIUM.

It may be remembered that some weeks ago we published an account of the remarkable Spiritual experience of Mr. LUTHER DEAR, an elderly gentleman residing at Walpole, New Hampshire. The following letter, which we have recently received from him, presents an interesting sequel to that account, and as such it is commended to the special attention of our readers.

WALPOLE, N. H., Sept. 14, 1853.

MESSES. PARTRIDGE AND BRITTAN:

The Old Farmer writes you again for a few more of your papers, and to let you know something that is going on in this place. I am moved by the Spirits almost all the time for the benefit of the sick, and am now preparing medicine to be used after the frost visits us. I have visited many some ten or twelve miles distant, and prescribed and furnished medicines and psychologized them as I was pressed to do. When I am under Spiritual influence (to examine) my eyes become dim, my countenance is paler, and I can not converse much. Sometimes one hand moves, sometimes both, with great rapidity. My right hand moves as though it could see from the ends of the fingers. When the examination is finished, whether the patient is in the room or ten miles off, my hands will commence pointing out on my own person where the difficulty is seated in the patient. We have not been caught in an error, though we disagree with some of our physicians.

When we have done examining a person, my hand will move around tremblingly, as though looking after medicine. My mind goes with it, gliding over a large space in a few seconds. When I understand by a motion that the article, or articles, are discovered, I know where they are, and can take the best route to them. I think we have used something like one hundred different kinds of medicines, judging from those I have on hand, which comprise nearly sixty kinds. It appears that there are many kinds of leaves which are of but little value when dried, though useful when green. I have been led to get the leaves, twigs, barks, and gums of forest trees, and shrubs, tops and bottoms of various plants, different sweets, spider-webs, dirt under buildings, five kinds of moss, several kinds of grasses, and as many sorts of branks, mushrooms, and many other things—all to be used in various ways, in pills, plasters, washes, steamings, ointments, bandages, but mostly to take into the stomach. We use cold and warm water as remedies, and also vinegar, but no alcohol or minerals, although mineral water has been given with great benefit. I am impressed to prescribe the quantity of the medicines and the manner of taking them.

I have been led to get medicines at a distance, upon the tops of high hills, on the sides of rugged cliffs, on steep banks, in gullies, and in ditches. Very often when riding with company, engaged in deep conversation, my hand would move off as though there was something wanting. We stop, and I go and get it and put it aboard, and we drive on, continuing our conversation, not knowing who or what the medicine is for until I come to the one that needed it. Not long since I received a letter from a gentleman in an adjoining town, requesting me to visit him. There were, at the same time, others for me to visit farther away. I was directed to medicines before I started from home, pointed to more several times on the road, and when I arrived at his house I discovered I had eleven kinds, a part of which only was for him. (I have since met with him, and found that the medicine had worked to a charm.) The remainder of the articles I carried on, and dealt out to other patients in like manner. When I got through, I found I had visited six persons. The last one I visited with medicine already prepared, though I had no knowledge of her until I arrived at the place. That lady a short time since returned from the West, loaded with disease, and was considered by herself and friends as in a critical situation. She was soon out, and now is teaching school.

I was at Papermill Village gathering medicine, as I supposed, for four persons; when I had all collected, and had laid each parcel by itself, I knew not what it could all be for, there being thirty-five kinds, and such quantities were not wanted for four persons. But I soon learned it was for seven persons, whom I knew when their turn came. The medicines were all put up in good order, with directions attached to them, and were then conveyed to the proper persons, all of whom received benefit.

My Spirit-physician is almost always present with me. He represents himself to have been a German—a natural bobolink—and to have practiced medicine in Germany, and also in this country, having died in the State of Georgia. When there is a case out of his line of business, such as disease of the hair, my hand will extend over my head with the muscles strained, and in a quivering circular motion for a few seconds, and will then drop relaxed. Soon it will move very rapidly with the impressions that it is a Spirit of a hair-dresser. Likewise, when prescribing for the gums and teeth, I am controlled by a dentist, and when for horses or cows, by a farrier.

Last winter, when I was under a sort of discipline, I was beaten tremendously on my head, body, and limbs, but never was hurt. The Spirits continued that process until they could move me as they pleased. And now, occasionally, when I have a little leisure, I am trained from the Seventh Circle (my physician is from the sixth). My hands will then play as easy as feathers in the wind. Sometimes one hand will move very rapidly in various directions, when the other will move in an entirely different manner at the same time. Each foot will move in a direction opposite to that of the other, while the head will move with another, and the body with another motion, neither touching floor nor chair. These motions are of short duration, and are probably intended to show the looker-on that something more than mortals are at work.

When I am gathering medicine for present uses, I am led to inquire, why I pass over an article and afterward get the same? The answer is, that people of different temperaments with the same disease need the same medicine that grows in different situations. Plants growing on the north of shady banks have different qualities from those growing on the south or sunny-side of hills. There is a difference between those in sandy and those in wet and clayey soils. Furthermore, the growth of trees, shrubs, and plants in localities where there is a particular kind of mineral substance, will partake of that substance, and will suit one person, while another person with the same difficulty would want medicine from another locality. In the month of June, I was in pursuit of something for a lady who was out of health. I was led away some distance into a long piece of woods where a species of brake was plenty. I passed almost through the woods, when my hand went down, pointed out what was wanted, and where to get it. It was the identical article I had been passing through where the surface of the earth was of but a slight elevation. Being some fatigued, I inquired what it meant. My hand raised to my head, as usual, to impress my mind. The impression was, that there is something ever passing from the bowels of the earth through the atmosphere to the regions above, and that more of this flows at some particular places than at others. This something (for I did not understand what it was) was passing at that particular place, and changed those plants in a degree that just suited that lady's difficulty, which it did.

When I am gathering medicine, sometimes I am moved as with a heavy current of air, and have even to run to keep my legs under my body. Once in getting over a fence I lost my balance and was falling. This force pressed me forward, and away I went like a boy.

You recollect, when I wrote you before, I mentioned that I had been called to a man in fits, and gave him immediate relief. I did not give the particulars of that case, nor have I time now to give an account of what has taken place since. But he is now gathering herbs and prescribing for the sick, similar to what I am doing. He is young and smart, goes with great force, and when he comes to a fence his hands will give a slap upon his legs and he will leap the fence, touching nothing. One fence that he leaped was measured, and found to be lacking a trifle of six feet in height. He told me if it had been ten feet it would have been the same. He seemed to move with great ease. There are other mediums here for other uses.

among these we will invite special attention to the impression which was received, that different portions of the earth's surface send forth different degrees (it might also have been added, different qualities) of ethereal emanation, and that these emanations affect differently the medicinal qualities of plants growing in the different localities. This doctrine is, by implication, clearly set forth in the writings of Swedenborg, and Baron Reichenbach has, by experiment, reduced to an actual demonstration. If this hint were duly followed out, it would become clearly evident that the (so-called) emanations, not only of different portions of the earth, but of all other forms and organisms—not only upon this globe, but in the planetary spheres—are related in different ways to the vital forces of man, to the different faculties of the mind and organs of the body, and to different individuals according to the peculiarities of their respective conditions. Herein consists the connecting point between every thing that is natural and every thing that is Spiritual; and if this universal law were properly understood, the proper means of restoring and preserving health and harmony in every department of human life would become distinctly evident.

WHAT SPIRITUALISM CAN DO.

POQUONOC, CONN., Aug. 27th, 1853.

MR. EDITOR:

Spiritualism, I am happy to inform you, is making rapid progress in our village, notwithstanding the strong opposition it meets with from the ultra orthodox, who piously believe it a sin to investigate, and who appear to be unmindful of that terse old saying—

He that can not reason is a fool;  
He that will not reason is a bigot;  
He that dares not reason is a slave.

A similar spirit of *pius* opposition, you are aware, endeavored to crush the soaring genius of Galileo, incarcerating him in the dungeon of Padua, for daring to promulgate a new fact—a new theory—not in consonance with the established philosophy of the schools of that day. But in that instance, as in all great reforms and struggles to diffuse the light of knowledge, we find the words of the poet verified:

Truth crushed to earth will rise again;  
The eternal years of God are hers;  
But Error, wounded, writhes in pain,  
And dies amid her worshippers.

What appears the most absurd and inconsistent in the *animus* of the opposition is the fact of the disposition they manifest to reject all testimony on the subject; which, certainly, is a great oversight, inasmuch as such a course can not fail to weaken one's faith in the prophecies and miracles recorded in the sacred volume. In fine, the *onus probandi* is decidedly in favor of Spiritualism, as is evident from the following considerations:

Firstly. It has a tendency to do away with Atheism or Pantheism, which has numbered among its votaries, in ages past, as it does at the present day, men of the most acute and exalted intellects—the philosophers, Bacon and Voltaire; the historians, Hume and Gibbon; the poets, Byron, Goethe, and the *Christian* (!) persecuted Shelley; the statesmen, Thomas Paine, Jefferson, Calhoun,\* Webster, and others, whose name is legion, but who, like the latter, *do not dare*, for popularity's sake, their true sentiments.

"To speak bravely out."

Secondly. Spiritualism explains many of the incredible Scriptural narratives, divesting them of that mythical character to which they approximate, by presenting facts based upon a substantial foundation; for in the one we find the *testimony* is mostly derived from a few illiterate fishermen, while in the other we have the testimony of numerous *living* witnesses, and among them men whose voices have been heard in the councils of the nation, together with others of the highest logical and literary attainments. They are, moreover, men who can have no earthly object in deceiving, and whose integrity of purpose has never been questioned. If we discard those communications with the Spirits of this our day, is there not ample ground also to discredit the accounts of similar visitations in the days of the worthy patriarchs and apostles? And further, if these Spiritual Manifestations are, as the Rev. Dr. Beecher concludes, only the works of "evil spirits," may we not also conclude, as you, Mr. Editor, suggested, that the "inspired volume" was dictated through the same diabolical agency.

Thirdly. Spiritualism, as I understand it, plainly interprets the Bible, serving as a key to that most mysterious book; it dispels ignorance, bigotry, and intolerance, gives a poetic charm to existence, is in keeping with the spirit of the age, whose march is onward, untrammelled by superstition, tradition, or sectarian fogism.

To the Spiritualist the gracious power is given  
To discern  
The far-off mountain-tops of lofty thought,  
Which men of common stature never saw."  
Yours, for the cause,  
NEW DISPENSATION.

P. S. Since writing the above, I have heard that a young lady of our village has become fully developed as a Spiritual clairvoyant. Many are being converted to the truth through her instrumentality. Hence great excitement prevails.

\* Calhoun. It is well known that the man of the "Iron Horse" refused the visits of the clergy during his last sickness.

THE SPIRIT'S TEACHINGS.

BY E. A. C.

Musing on life, its mysteries and its truths,  
Its solemn truths, that teach the bursting heart  
A lesson, beautiful though stern, I left  
My books, o'er which, unconscious, I had pored,  
And wandered forth into the blessed air  
To cool my fevered brow; for thought, sad thought,  
Had filled my brain with fire, and set the mark  
Of care where should have been the light of joy.  
God's firmament was o'er me—around,  
The blessed sunlight that bent down to kiss  
The laughing waters. Sloping fields spread forth  
Their treasures to the eye, and gentle flocks  
Grazed on the quiet hills. The soft south wind  
Breathed gently o'er the mighty forest tops;  
They knew the signal, and bent low their heads  
In prayer. The happy songsters poured their gush  
Of melody, a chorus soft and sweet  
To that great hymn which ever doth ascend  
From Nature's temple, acceptable to God.  
How could the jarring passions of the mind  
Resist such influence! Even as the sea  
Obeyed the mandate, "Peace; be still," all cares,  
All troubled thoughts retired, and in my mind  
"There was a calm." Then came a voice, whose tones  
Were rather felt than heard, so soft, so sweet,  
Methought the strains of heaven were less  
Melodious.

"Why dost thou sigh," it said;  
"O mortal, why complain of wearied life!  
Nay, why arraign the just decrees of God,  
Because thou seest not his purposes  
And canst not comprehend his ways divine!  
Look forth on yon celestial dome, and learn;  
Its arches ring with sounds of joy and praise.  
What, though the cloud may hide it from thy view,  
The thunder peal and the fierce lightning flash,  
Knowest thou not, O frail and mally weak,  
That when the storm subsides, yon heavenly dome  
Will smile on thee, brighter and purer far  
Than that hath battled with the storm! And say,  
May not thy spirit, if it gird itself  
With a strong faith to bear the coming strife—  
May not thy spirit, too, be purified,  
And fitted to commune of God!"

It passed.  
I bowed my head, and said, "Strength, Father, give  
Me strength to do, not to resist thy will."  
Ambassador.

WHAT IS LOVE?

This question has been asked and answered many, many times, and yet it stands as much a question to-day as though it had never been spoken. Then what is Love?

There is a cold conventionalism which bears this name, but are its claims legitimate? Let us try if we can define by its examination what Love is. This says, that after a proper age, and after a prescribed rule, a young and innocent maiden may love one man, and one only. This, then, is where we are to seek the type of Love. For a time this pair, in all confidence, believe the law has conferred upon them the power as well as the right to love each other, and for a time this hope is a substitute for the reality; but soon, aye, too soon, the cankering cares of life dispel the pleasing dream, and those who at first were wreathed in smiles of joy, are employed in caressing each other, are now repelling each other with frowns and tears. Is this the type of Love? Again, we say the mother loves her child. Let us, then, look there for the solution of our question. The mother presses her infant to her breast, her eye beams bright, and we feel that our answer is here, when suddenly she casts the child from her, and, with a frown, shakes and beats it, "all in love," she says, "for its good," and again we ask, What is love? The child loves its mother. We look, and it twines its tiny arms about her neck, and covers her lips with kisses, and anon that child turns and rends that mother, and still we cry, What is Love?

All Spirit-life cries, "God is Love," and man, parrot-like, repeats, "God is Love," and passes on without even stopping to think that Love is God. Let us, then, devote a moment to this thought. As God is the soul, the center, the all-attracting principle of life, this, then, is Love—drawing, attracting, over, absorbing, dissolving all things into one—subject to no conventionalism of time or condition. Now let us apply this principle to the human world, and say what is Love there. Is it not that same absorbing, embracing principle here as in universal nature? Is it not the God within every human breast? If this be Love, can man arbitrate its movements? Ah! what soul that has ever felt a thrill of this God-given principle does not know that it spurs all control, save its own attractive tendencies!

As well may the magnet be deprived of all its attractive powers, and still be a magnet, as Love be bound by human laws, and still be love. We may have filial love, parental love, conjugal love, and universal love; but in all, as in one, Love is the attracting, the embracing, the absorbing principle; not the punishing, the rebuking, the repelling; it acknowledges no law but attraction, which is its own inherent force. Let us, then, talk no more of Love where selfish gratifica-

tion is the aim and end. This is but passion or trade; we make a bargain—we *promise to love*—and do we hence love? Let us no longer deceive ourselves—this is not love. This will be called heresy, disorganization, revolutionism, and all these hard names—but no matter; let us cherish the God within our own breasts, and follow fearlessly its leadings, trusting that all will result in the highest happiness. If we do not this, where is our faith? While we are fostering feelings of hatred and revenge, are we not opposing the puny arm of flesh to the omnipotence of God? Let us, then, try to comprehend this one great truth—God is Love, and Love is God.  
M. B. RANDALL.

PHILADELPHIA, September 18, 1853.

PSYCHOMETRICAL PORTRAIT.

Some weeks since, while passing an evening with some friends at the residence of Mr. James Mettler, in this city, we handed a brief note, in the handwriting of Prof. E. L. Sears, to Mrs. J. R. Mettler, of Hartford, who is widely known as a Psychometrist, Clairvoyant, and Spirit-medium. The note was enclosed in a new envelope, which was sealed so that the Professor's chirography could not be seen. Mrs. Mettler had never seen or heard of Prof. Sears, and had no external means of knowing whether the note was written by a male or female. We have little or no acquaintance with Mr. Sears, but venture to presume that his friends will detect in the portrait some strong points of resemblance.—Ed.

I receive the impression that this man is puzzled about something, and it appears to me that when he is perplexed he has the habit of putting his hand to his head and of brushing up his hair in front.

This person's character is not clearly revealed at once. It is necessary to be associated with him for some time to fully understand him. Those who know him intimately have failed to discover many noble characteristics. He has no traits which few possess so perfectly. He has a strong desire for knowledge, and takes various methods to acquire information. Some of his ideas are peculiar to himself, and he has way of solving most problems that are presented to his mind. His faculty often enables him to illustrate a subject in a clear, and impressive manner. He seems to reach after depths, and is dissatisfied with a superficial investigation of important questions.

This man is benevolent, and will be active in charitable deeds. He will bestow his gifts in secret—it is his pleasure to perform kind offices when they may not be spoken of. He has a real sympathy for all men, and strongly desires to see more equality on earth.

If any thing new presents itself to the world it will not likely to escape the keen observation of this person. He ever appeals to his reason *he will receive*—reason and intuition are his chief guides. It affords him pleasure to engage in conversation, and he frequently does so, not merely to be heard, but for the purpose of eliciting an expression of other men's ideas. When he is successful he listens attentively, or, if he speaks, you perhaps think he is a singular being that he is *unfathomable*. To most minds he is so, especially to all who are accustomed to judge from appearances, and have no ability to discern the thoughts and motives of men.

I judge that this man has a way peculiar to himself, which must be very pleasing. There are times when he appears to be excessively fond of the ludicrous, and when he is in that mood he would be likely to make himself and others merry with humorous anecdotes.

The combative and destructive propensities of his nature are well developed, but their action is mitigated and directed by other powers. The former might, I am inclined to think, be suddenly aroused, but they would be as speedily subdued by his large benevolence. These powers give activity to mind and strength to his character; and while he is cautious in business, and careful in his investigations, he has strong argumentative powers, and will maintain his position well almost every occasion. He is very firm and decided, relying mainly on himself, and draws his own conclusions in a firm and independent manner.

This man possesses great powers of concentration, and thoughts are elevated and aspiring. When the mind is absorbed by any subject of peculiar interest, he is measurably unconscious of outer circumstances. He may derive great pleasure from his mental exercises, especially when he perceives a beauty of Nature engross his attention. He observes or and punctuality in his affairs, and is inclined to detest much of the conventionalisms of the age. He has an intelligent perception of the Fine Arts, and the memory of historical and scientific principles is good. He endeavors to act part of a philosopher in every circumstance of life.

The filial affection is strong in this man; he is pleased with children—he loves innocence—is devoted to his father and all his attachments are very strong. In the choice of companions he is inclined to disregard sex, and to select those who are intelligent and congenial. At the same time the jugal feeling is strong, and he exhibits great suavity of manner and speech when in the presence of ladies.

I am much pleased with the sphere of this person's presence is altogether agreeable. He is generous and intellectual—is endowed with strong and manly qualities, and attract you to him in spite of his eccentricities.







# Correspondence of the Telegraph.

## LETTER FROM ENGLAND.

10, CECIL STREET, COVENTRY SQUARE,  
LONDON, Sept. 11th, 1853.

My dear Partridge and Brittan:

Since that time you have been so kind to write to me, I have been very busy, but I have not been able to write to you. I have been very busy, but I have not been able to write to you.

In Ireland the people are greatly prejudiced against the phenomena, believing that the manifestations are either a deception or the work of the evil one, and that we are the cause of it. The stupid and silly articles which appeared in the "Household Words," almost a year since, have done much to set their minds against it. By invitation of Dr. Huxley, we visited the celebrated Hydropathic Institute at St. Ann's Hill, Bismarck, near Cork, and were most cordially received and entertained by its enterprising proprietor.

On the evening of our arrival, Mrs. Hayden gave a *seance* to a select party, by request, some of whom were much interested, while the rest treated the whole matter with ridicule and contempt. On the morning after the circle, a Rev. gentleman of the Church of England, from Southampton, tarrying at the establishment, waited on Dr. Huxley and informed him in a most grave manner, that he had been requested by a large number of the patients to inform him that their feelings had been greatly shocked by the proceedings of the previous evening, and that they desired he would request us to leave St. Ann's Hill for other parts, or else they should be compelled to wait on him with a *Rogues' Round*, signed by the complainants, demanding our departure. He also asserted the falsehood, that I was an infidel and did not believe in a God, and that we were both discrediting an excellent cause, through the house (two copies of Newton and Talluadge's letters and two copies of the "Spirit World"). The Doctor replied, that it was the first intimation that he had had of the matter, but he would investigate the charges preferred against us at once, as he had not been aware of our interfering with any one, or forcing our views or publications upon the attention of the inmates. On inquiring after the ward, he learned that the blasphemous tracts complained of had been printed out of his own private apartment, without his consent or knowledge, instead of being distributed about the premises. Whereupon the Doctor at once informed the women that the result of his investigations, and of the untruthfulness of his charges, and further, that we were his guests, and as long as we did not directly interfere with him, or others in the house, that we must be respected as such, and would remain until it suited our pleasure to go hence.

We also learned, before we left, that the *exorcists* of the Lord had made use of the names of some of the parties without their knowledge or desire, and on the morning of our departure we were informed that some of the inmates had signified their intention to get up a *Round Robin* requesting "Old Blue Coat" (they having bestowed this appellation upon him) to withdraw from St. Ann's. Whether they did so or not I have not learned, but trust they have thought better of it. At the present time, spiritualism has two firm holds of the minds of the masses of the Irish people for them to investigate any new truth for themselves, so firmly are they bound in the slavish chains of superstition and bigotry. Yet I believe there is hope for them, as we were informed that within the past few years the Roman Catholics have been decreasing in power and numbers, and that a brighter prospect may be entertained for the "Gem of the Sea." With all my heart I pray that it may be so.

Dr. Huxley is a highly progressive man, and one of great influence in Bismarck, being a very large landholder. To him and to Mr. Jeffries, the proprietor of the celebrated "Bismarck Castle," the town owes much of its present prosperity. With a few more such men in Ireland she will flourish equal to any other part of Great Britain.

It was quite unfortunate for us that our visit to Dublin fell on the same time with that of her Majesty, which usurped the greater part of publication. We have now returned to our old residence in London, but find it very still just at the present time, as the majority of the better classes, as they are termed, are absent from town in the country, or on the Continent. Although there are always more than two millions of people in London, they are not those who will investigate such a subject as Spiritual Manifestations. At the present moment it is extremely doubtful how long we should remain in England, and you must not be surprised to see us in New York in a week or two. There are some persons here developing as mediums, but none that I have seen or heard of possessing remarkable powers.

I have been greatly delighted by the perusal of the reply of P. E. Maud, Esq., of St. Louis, to the discourse of Professor Lind against Spiritual Manifestations of the present day. It is certainly without exception one of the most able and manly arguments that I have ever read, and in my humble judgment is not surpassed by anything on the subject in the language, throwing aside altogether the subject of Spiritual Manifestations. It is of extraordinary value for the powerful light it throws upon the imagination at the blind. Were I able I would republish it here, and distribute a thousand or two copies gratis for the great good that it would do. I should hardly think that Mr. Lind would ever venture to speak or write against Spiritual Manifestations again.

I have republished the Rev. Adam Ballou's work, N. P. Talluadge's letters, Mr. and Mrs. Newton's excellent letter to the Congregational Church, which can not fail to be an instrument of much good. Besides the above, I have issued some few other minor publications, which I am convinced have been the means of calling attention to the phenomena, especially my reply to the "falsehoods of the *Zoist*" on Mrs. Hayden, which has been most commended even by the friends of Dr. Elliott. It had the effect of bringing him out in a disgraceful article in the July number of the *Zoist*, under his own signature, and it had one good effect, it is no other, that of reflecting the true character of the man who wrote it. Although I am fully satisfied that the works I have republished have been the means of good to others, they have not in a pecuniary point of view reimbursed me for their outlay, nor do I expect they ever will. I mention this fact only to show that it is not the slightest dollar alone that actuates me. Many thanks to Judge Edwards for his most excellent reply to his detractors. I remain here for any time I shall republish it for the benefit that it will be to others on this side of the water.

Yours, ever, in the bonds of the good faith, W. H. P. S. An extraordinary occurrence, or apparition has just made its appearance in a house at Chelsea, some two miles from my residence. Can this be a harbinger in regard to the matter have appeared in a number of the daily papers, but a true statement of the facts from the mouth of the family I will send you next week, as I am at the present moment investigating the singular occurrence for the benefit of your readers.

## A SPIRIT RESPONSE.

S. H. Nichols, of Burlington, Vt., sends us the following communication, written by a Spirit in reply to the mental question of a skeptical lady. "Will my father write something, if possible, to convince me that this theory is true?"

My happiness is great. I view things as I have said. I have long desired to write to you about my present condition, now I am permitted to do so, I can not portray as I would with the beauty of the sphere. I can never be alone, but this much I can say, all is in perfect keeping with the power of the great Over Ruler—all is love and harmony. We all strive to progress so as to see the divine face of our Lord.

We come to earth to proclaim—"Peace on earth and good will to men." It is a matter of great importance among men, that spirits come to earth to say, but we must come as people can hear it. I am permitted to say, that we could just as well, or would just as soon, appear to you here to face, so that you would now gaze upon me (or us) if you were present, but you know that very few could hear it. Certainly they could not unless they had much more information on the subject. My daughter, it is hard to believe this. We are told to doubt the power of disembodied spirits which has given us all. Ought we not to study deeply into these manifestations—compare them with the best judgment of our natures and the Bible—then embrace the theory as coming from the Great Giver of all good gifts? This new and strange doctrine was never given to the world to mislead mankind. God is all love, and works for the good of all. We do not pretend to have power, only as it is given from the same high and holy source. May I ask all of these friends to consider well before they condemn. But let us say to you and them, that we do not ask them to accept any thing which does not accord with true principles of purity.

YOUR SPIRIT FATHER

# Original Communications.

## THE ANGEL VISITOR.

BY JOHN HARRIS.

Viola, though personally unknown to us, had offered us no more apologies for the freedom which she has exercised with so much delicacy and reserve. She has our cordial invitation to send us as many "spiritual visitors" as may be consistent with her pleasure, and if in many instances we can not entertain them, after the manner of our present example, we shall at least treat them kindly for her sake. All who are like Viola may derive encouragement from the reflection that the earnest desire of the heart is a prophecy, and that it is ever given to the faithful to realize its fulfillment.—E. S.

Last night as I sat at my father's  
Thinking of days that were gone  
A form stole in at the doorway  
And murmured in soft tones of love

It murmured as 'twere at my elbow  
And looked down fond in my eyes—  
"O what is the cause of this weeping—  
O why let such dark thoughts arise?"

"That not know, my own dearest darling,  
That we've met here—and guarding thee yet—  
That we never have left thee all lonely  
For our sun has just risen, not set

"We've ever around thee, to bless thee  
To comfort and cheer when in pain,  
To strengthen when weak, and in sorrow  
All valiant thoughts to restrain."

And those eyes looked upon me so kindly  
The soft hand smoothed my tresses o'er;  
As it pressed on my brow its cool air lips  
Then vanished like the last beam of day

But it left on my brow the bright impress  
Of that soul cheering, soul given kiss,  
And that fond glance will shine on me ever  
Till we meet in the world of pure bliss

## THE FAIRIES' BLESSING.

All delicate and beautiful things refine the taste and sublimize the soul, and it may yet appear, in the superior light of other worlds, that the whole range of objects, in Nature and Art, which have been deemed merely ornamental, have been, after all, the most useful. Their images once impressed on the mind may remain as immortal creations in the realms of Spiritual and celestial life. With us it is a settled conviction, that who ever contributes to make the present existence and the world of outward relations, objects, and images more beautiful, is a true minister of Heaven and a benefactor of man.

We are indebted to a young lady of varied accomplishments for her first offering, which will be found below. The female portion of our readers, and especially the young, will be pleased with "The Fairies' Blessing." The conception is exceedingly delicate and the style altogether in keeping with the subject. "Addie" has been much devoted to various intellectual pursuits, but her love of knowledge is, nevertheless, subordinate, and in the preference of the Fairy Queen she, perhaps unconsciously, reveals her woman's heart.—E. S.

'Tis the hour of fairy land and spell;  
The wood that has kept the minutes well;  
The heart that has kept the minutes well;  
The heart that has kept the minutes well;

The last echo of the village clock had scarcely died away, when, under an old oak upon the green, myriads of tiny forms assembled, for now that mortal eyes were closed in sleep, fairy-land dawned.

Some parted the leaves of the wild honey-blossom, and with a half sigh left their fragrant resting-place; some came from mossy nooks, where they had been nestling, some from the pure sap of the lily—numbers emerged from a neighboring mossy bank where the blue violet hides, and myriads sprang from the boughs and branches of trees, where they had been cradled among the glossy green leaves and rocked by the wind's lullaby; but at length a strain of fairy music, low, sweet, and clear steals upon the listening ear, and from a lily-bell springs a form of more dazzling beauty and more majestic air. Her robe, made of butterfly's wings, seems with its rainbow hues to reflect moonbeams, that with a flood of silvery light came dancing and flickering upon the mossy carpet beneath the old oak, and in its gracefully waving her wand, the bright little fairy forms a circle and in silence await the commands of their Queen. Her voice, sweet as a nightingale's most melodious tones, breaks the stillness. "My children—my fays, you all know that this is the anniversary of that period on which we have ever been accustomed to bestow some favor upon a mortal—some fairy spell that shall enable them to fight with greater ease the stern battle of life—to gather more fragrant blossoms by the wayside of that always weary pilgrimage, that leads from their cradle to their grave.

"I have selected a child young in years, pure as yet in heart—an orphan, and entirely without those advantages that cause a distinction among earth's children. I wish you to propose several honors, and when we have found one that suits our approbation, we will see that, talisman-like, through sunshine and storm it shall clung to the little earthly pilgrim as her blessing from Fairy-land."

There was a pause—not a murmur broke the stillness, until the chains parted and a lovely little fay lay heartily and said, "Pleasant, your majesty, let us give her *Health*. Let it be of the most exalted but bewildering kind. Let all that is charming in Nature by comparison fail to equal her unrivaled loveliness."

"Nay," replied the Queen, "not so; for that which we intended for a blessing, might and doubtless would prove far otherwise. Who shall say that the noxious spirit of vanity might not find access to her heart? Or might not that heart be like the butterfly, which in the morning of its life is drifting from flower to flower—what so happy? Ere long it is the spider's prey—crushed, bruised, its beauty gone!"

As the disappointed suppliant bowed her pretty head before her Queen's disapprobation like a lily in a storm, another, with confident air, approached and said, "Let our gift be *Wealth*. Let her treasures be vast and inexhaustible. I have heard that the gifts of fortune are highly prized by earth's children, for their wishes can be fulfilled as if by enchantment. Surely with nothing to sigh for, she would be happy."

"You have made an unwise selection," was the response. "If she never knew a wish ungratified, would the lovely blossom of humility wither like the dove of peace in her heart, or would the hateful spirit of pride render her indifferent to the sufferings of others less highly favored—until that noxious weed overshadowed the beautiful blossom of sympathy, and it drooped and died?"

Another tiny form advanced from the crowd as the rejected retired, and said, "If beauty and wealth are frail

things to lean upon, would not *Wisdom* aid her? Not that learned by bitter experience, but intuitive knowledge, so that she may wisely and well guide her bark among the breakers and half-blind rocks by which so many voyagers are wrecked, until she, in safety, reaches the desired haven at her journey's end."

The Queen thoughtfully replied, "Too much wisdom at life's outset would destroy her happiness—for would it be well for one so tender in years to lose even the pleasure of anticipating a pious future? She would then know that 'All that is bright must fade,' and that sad faith would chase the smile from her lip and the sunshine from her heart."

There was a long silence, before, with timid, faltering, step another suppliant approached, half trembling, and kneeling on a pearly white pebble, bowed her graceful form, and softly and sweetly whispered, "Please, your majesty, let this be our gift—that she may *LOVE AND BE LOVED*."

The presiding fay smiled most graciously as she raised the fair pleader. "Your desire is granted," she replied. "All shall acknowledge her power. She shall be guarded, cherished, protected from the world's rude changes by hearts that love her. All shall smile upon her most kindly. In fancy shall fearlessly look up to her. Old age shall confidently lean upon her. You have chosen well, for of all earth's blossoms none are so lovely as that 'tamest flower of Eden' that unasked glad the garden of the heart; and now, fays, one and all, we will visit the little mortal."

There was a sound like the *duttering of wings*, and when the next *moonbeam reached the earth the old oak was deserted*.

In a cottage-home slumbered in all the lovely innocence of childhood a little one, as through the open casement with the bright rays of silvery light the fairies glided and clustered about the child of their adoption.

As music soft and sweet floated the air with melody, she nestled her flushed cheek closer to her pillow, and the dimples deepened and played hide-and-seek as though "a pleasant thought were at her heart."

Voices like silvery bells chanted the spell, and as the first gray light of morn stole through the casement the fairies vanished, and the child opened her blue eyes and smiled.

## TO THE NEW YORK DAILY TIMES.

MR. EDITOR:

Your remarks, a short time ago, respecting S. R. Brittan's belief in Spiritualism, were just such, permit me to say, as might be expected from all those editors who feel themselves bound to consult the prejudices of the mass, rather than the sober judgment of the reflecting. The challenges made by the opposers of Spiritual Manifestations can not be accepted like the ordinary challenges that regard things merely worldly; for Spiritualists have not, and do not pretend to have, power of themselves to produce Spiritual Manifestations. But, notwithstanding this, every honest man, who will duly apply his reasoning faculties, will not, and can not, fail to obtain the most abundant evidence of the truth of all that is asserted by the true Spiritualist. This being the case, some of us can not feel otherwise than deeply aggrieved that editors, who have never fairly tested the matter of Spiritual Manifestations, allow themselves so freely to indulge in denouncing and ridiculing it. Arguments *a priori* avail nothing in a case of this nature. They simply show idleness or incapacity of mind. The case must be examined, cogently, deliberately, patiently. Every blessing vouchsafed us by Heaven has been more or less perverted by the rash and impulsive hand of man—man who, with all his boasts, still stands profoundly ignorant of the true philosophy. Every thing, almost, may be abandoned, if the reason for its abandonment can be drawn from its inability to mislead. Religious excitement sometimes results in lunacy; shall religion, therefore, be forever given up? A gentleman who was married some time ago, as all thought, under the most happy auspices, in five days thereafter cut his throat and died; shall, therefore, marriage be forever eschewed? People are often killed on railways and in steamboats; shall those invaluable conveyances, on that account, be no longer used? Fire and water are often very destructive agents; shall they, because of this, be voted too dangerous ever to be used? Deep study has sent one of the brightest intellects of this country into the lunatic asylum; must books, in view of this, be henceforth shut out from the sight of men studiously disposed?

But why multiply instances? It is so obviously unfair, not to say unphilosophical, to argue against the use of a thing because of inability to misuse, or its power under the many circumstances to do mischief, that I only wonder at your allowing such objections to Spiritualism to find a place in your columns.

## WHAT GOOD WILL SPIRITUALISM DO?

Orinda Hamself, of Lamo, Chautauque Co., N. Y., had more than ordinary health until sixteen years of age. She is now twenty-five years of age. When her seventeenth year also had the rickets, which, seated on the lungs, heart, and spine, left her system in a diseased condition, beyond the reach of the physicians in the place and vicinity. When in her nineteenth year the left side of her body was palsied, leaving her left hand and arm void of sensation. The nails did not grow; the head was clouded, and could not be straightened; the hair on the left side of the head did not grow; the whole side of the body was numb, and almost void of life; the left eye lost its sight, and the hand and arm withered. When she was about twenty years of age, her father left his body and went to the Spirit sphere. Soon after this event she had a very severe attack of disease, that carried her to the verge of separation from the body. When all hope and expectation of herself, her friends, and the physicians, for her recovery, was gone, she slowly recovered so far (as the Spirit now say, by the influence of her father's spirit) as to be able to use her leg and foot, and to enable her to walk some; but she did not regain the use of her hand and arm. To give some idea of her treatment, let it suffice to say that she was bled twenty-two times in two weeks, and forced to take medicine enough to destroy any system that was not very highly steeled.

For about four years she remained in this hopeless condition, with life a burden, until last winter, when the Spirit undertook her cure through a medium, by Spiritual magnetism, and without any medicine. She soon recovered the use of her arm and hand, and whole side. The arm and hand have now attained nearly the size and strength of the other. The hair and nails grow as well as on the other side, and her whole system has the appearance of ordinary health. Her lungs are recovering, and she is now easily put into the magnetic sleep, and is a very good medium.

This is one of the cases where the medium had to have her system imbued with health, and her mind with belief in Spiritism, she was also a medium.

LAMO, N. Y., Sept. 10th, 1853.  
We subscribe to the truth of the foregoing statement,  
Orinda Hamself, A. C. Straight,  
Mary Hamself, Wm. B. Hamself,  
Robert Cowden, H. L. Thayer

Notice.—Judge Edwards's book on Spiritualism will be published on the 15th instant.  
The other case has not yet been decided. The clergyman is charged with treating his wife with coldness and harshness, and on several occasions with violence, that he subjected her to druggery, neglected her sickness, interrupted her letters, and restrained her liberty, and that last December he carried her to the *Quincy* Hospital on a pretence of insanity.—Boston Traveller

# MESSAGES FROM THE SPIRITS.

## FROM THE SPIRIT OF A CLERGYMAN.

S. B. HUTTON.

Dear Sir:—The publication of the inclosed communication from the spirit of Rev. E. M. Woolly, our revered "teacher (friend)," will, I think, be most acceptable to his friends, should you deem it worthy a place in your columns. The imperfections of an article which comes through a medium for impressions argues nothing against its Spiritual origin, as the brain receives the imagery, and is left to use its own words and style, assisted only by the force and beauty of that imagery. Being of this class of mediums, I should not be surprised should the imperfections of this article exclude it from your paper. It, however, breathes throughout the pure and expansive love with which, while here, the noble soul of its purport author was filled.

HEDDEN, WYOMING, MICH.

MRS. S. J. BRADNER.

BELLEVILLE, ILL.

I have visited the human home at earth's inhabitants. I have looked in the light of its beauty, and could not sooner leave its joys and purity to return through the darkness of earth's enshrouding atmosphere, and converse with my loved ones there. It is the love for them, still warm in my bosom, that now stays my journey so to commune awhile with them. I can would look eternally in the bright light of the kind Father, with which he has deluged this lovely sphere. Your friends (oh, how many dear friends I had on earth), the joys that you encompass me, could I reveal them to you, earth could not bind you to her, but do not rashly break her bonds, but trust the Father's good hand, and the promises of life more exalted than the human thought can conceive. Beloved ones, mourn not my departure, but be glad. Rejoice that the threshold which bound me with galling chains no more confines me, but bring your hearts to me, and soar with me as far as fresh and blood will allow, into these realms of celestial happiness, and feel that the interior communion with friends beloved, though unseen, has a power that earthly bonds can not give. If, when with you, I strive to raise your hearts to feel the Father's love, oh, how much more would I now exhort you to bless that God—that Father of light? If, when with you, I add the troubles that bound my soaring heart and crushed it in dust, I felt that the love of our heavenly Father was around me, how must I now feel it, when I might speak but of his love!

There is life for the children of earth, there is love for the children of men! All shall partake of the feast the Father hath prepared, and no hate, no sorrow, no division shall be known among them. No discord arises here through ungenial companionship. Those who are not fitted for the harmonious union may have the social unity, and concord is the result. This universal union is the unity of the truth that they are one flesh, and those that cannot can never be separated. They are they whom God has joined, and whom man can not put asunder. The social unity is the converse of promiscuous individuals, in all degrees of strength, depending upon the ability of the parties for each other, and the pleasure enjoyed by them in proportion to the congeniality of the united. Those whom we felt to be our worst enemies on earth, may become, when the veil of time and false relation is rent asunder, warm friends, never enemies. Do not condemn any, for you are not the springs whence rise their actions. Each one of you justifies yourself in the deed you do; therefore, condemn not others, who also feel that they too have the merit of right to sanction their actions. Church brotherly love toward one another, and the light of the Spirit world, shed brightly before your prospective vision, and when it shall burst in its glory upon you, be prepared to soar on, drinking in the unalloyed delights of this beautiful life—fainting not, but eager for more, always I pray, get each moment happier still.

Oh, how I bless the beloved Father who gave me on earth a love toward my brother, and bade that love with the hearts of many of earth's children, and bade them to offer them as tributes to God, by bestowing them to kindly feeling upon another! I thank the Father that my terrible labors made the great heart of humanity throb with a stronger pulsation, and send its current farther on to embrace a few more of the brotherhood, who in their turn, shall bid it renew its beatings, and thus, from one to others, continue through ages yet unborn! Friends: though the clouds of sorrow seem to hang ever above them, raise high your vision, that you may meet its cheering rays. Those only who bow their head toward, fail to discern it. None who trustfully lift their eyes shall lose its cheering ray. Remember ever the God of love, who has fashioned the heavens and the earth. A trust in him makes the heart steadfast. I joy now that the trials of your sphere did not crush me. I joy that I taught me the love that abideth in him, and led him to yield as the flower yields to the sun. I joy that the love of the Father in me flowed forth over those who sought to learn of me; and here, in this sweet home, I feel the wealth of that stream, which has not ceased to flow, but which has gradually expanded until it has become a wide and deep river, clearer and purer than any on earth, and deeper and more placid—a true mirror of the love of the Father!

I see not here the golden throne of God, with his Son seated in state at his right hand, but I see the glorious workshop of God. And there, in the developed purity of the Spirit world, reigns my Spirit-Master. Teacher of purity and truth, revealed through him for the elevation of his race. Yes! Lofty and pure as my conceptions of the Father, stands him when you may should love—whom angels adore. It was the purity of his Spiritual nature that developed him on earth a teacher of Spirit truth, and that same purity has elevated him above all who have been dwellers on that plane. The smiles that in beauty radiate from those pure lips envelop the surrounding masses in a halo of happiness. Blessed Teacher (Teacher still). Purity has enthroned thee upon an altar of love, and angels seek thy presence, that a gleam from thy sweet face may cast its light of love upon their hearts!

Say with me, loved ones, that I am now a dweller in light, and that I shall one day join you here. I will now live my after to reach a small portion of the lovely book of God which his sphere discloses, and thence learn exalted truths which earth knows not. Now, dear friends, farewell! The light of love beacons us hence, and bonds of congenial beings join the throng with whom I now depart from this scene, redeemed from its darkness by rays of love which pierce the shadows and reach my heart. Heavenly music calls me hence. For the present adieu!

S. B. WOOLLY.

## CONJOINED.

MARRIED.—At Easton, Connecticut, on the 8d instant, by Rev. Martin Dudley, A. JUDSON JAGGER, M. D., of Bridgeport, and Miss MARY B. JONES, daughter of Sturges Johnson, Esq.

On Thursday morning, the 7th instant, at Bridgeport, Connecticut, by the Rev. Moses Hallow, CHARLES A. BROWN and LORETTA A. MIDDLEBROOK, of Bridgeport.

## DEPARTED.

On the 3d instant the spirit of HERMAN RANDOLPH, son of Herman and Hannah Morgan, was separated from the body by inflammation of the bowels, at the age of one year, four months, and fourteen days.

MARRIED.—Mrs. Brown, the medium, continues to entertain those who desire to investigate the Spiritual phenomena, at her residence, No. 78 West Twenty-sixth Street.

Mrs. CARR is an interesting Willing Medium, and now has her rooms at No. 30 White Street, near Broadway.

METABOLISM. FRANKLIN OF CLEVELAND.—The Supreme Court, in session at Greenfield, Massachusetts, was last week engaged in hearing the cases in which the wives of clergymen have sued for divorce from their husbands. In the first case Judge Bigelow decided in favor of the ground of desertion, and ordered that the lady should resume her maiden name, and that she should have one hundred dollars a year as alimony, in quarterly payments. The husband decried his wife because she charged him with poisoning in bad grammar, and had advised him to give up preaching until he knew more.

The other case has not yet been decided. The clergyman is charged with treating his wife with coldness and harshness, and on several occasions with violence, that he subjected her to druggery, neglected her sickness, interrupted her letters, and restrained her liberty, and that last December he carried her to the *Quincy* Hospital on a pretence of insanity.—Boston Traveller

# SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1853.

## BUSINESS NOTICES.

As *Business Notices* are respectfully informed that the salary and small books of the *Telegraph* are not entirely in the rate of our printing, and consequently the proprietors themselves do not find it profitable to publish the notices of any one of their persons who are not. However, the business of the paper is not to be neglected, and a subscription to the paper is not to be neglected. The person who writes the notices is not to be neglected, and a subscription to the paper is not to be neglected. The person who writes the notices is not to be neglected, and a subscription to the paper is not to be neglected.

Advertisements.—The Publishers will insert a limited number of advertisements on circumstances will permit, always provided, the subject to which it is given to attract public attention is deemed compatible with the spirit and objects of the paper. All advertisements must be paid for in advance, at the rate of five cents per line, for the first insertion, and three cents per line for each subsequent insertion.

Post Office Box No. 1000.—Persons who have accounts connected with the paper, and who are not to be sent by mail the remittance should be sent first in cash, and the balance in the form of a check, or by draft on the place of delivery.

## HOME AND FOREIGN ITEMS.

Tax Illegals.—Between three and four hundred persons, of various ages, were sentenced, one day last week, for selling rum without a license in this city. Against a portion of them other and graver charges brought. Time and imprisonment were the penalties awarded—the ranging from \$10 to \$100, and the imprisonment from fifteen days to months. Among the persons imprisoned in the Penitentiary was charged with prostituting his own daughter to the wretches from his liquor den. This batch of sentenced rum-sellers, we understand the beginning of the work of purgation on which the friends of temperance are bent, and we hope our judges, when called upon to these detaching outrages of law and morals—these heinous penalties—will award the extreme penalties. In this way, if in rum traffic may be reached. We hope, also, that the law will be in relation to closing licensed groggeries on the Sabbath. There are 6,000 of these sinks, none of which are gullible of Sunday rum. Why is it that the religious community, who raised such a cry over it when it was suggested that the Crystal Palace should be opened Sabbath, do not raise a voice against Sabbath-breaking rum-shops? Is it that churches are hoarding profit from "respectable" laity, murdering that we see this anomaly of their utter silence where temperance question is raised? One thing we have been glad to the strike of the leading liquor-dealers for ten cents a glass. They pretend they can not live by retailing rum. Suppose, if they can not get along otherwise, that they try the wholesale penitentiary, where they have sent thousands, after ruining their families?

M. JULLIEN continues his concert at Metropolitan Hall, with success that marked his *Castle Garden series*. On Thursday he gave a programme made up of gems from the noblest of his powers—Beethoven, and, on Sunday evening, a programme also the works of Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn. These two concerts were, perhaps, the most effective, with perfect musical taste, of any yet given. We can not have too much music. Pity 'tis that church music is not imbued with something suitable of such performances. It is suggested, and the idea is one, that M. Jullien's hand shall close the exhibition of the Crystal in December. The London World's Fair was thus closed in the of 60,000 persons. Jullien composed a grand quadrille for the introduction the national airs of the civilized world, and, with a chorus and additional instruments, produced, it is said, the grandest performance ever heard in England. It was an epic. I might give ten concerts at the close of the Palace, and be sure persons at each, and the thing would be equally profitable and all. We hope the managers of the Palace will arrange with Jullien that thousands would flock from every part of the country to see the city, and it would be worth a hundred thousand dollars to our city trade. That would be, indeed, "music for the million."

The War Question.—The *Standard* which arrived on the 10th brought us news changing the previous general aspect of the Turkish war question. The feeling of the Turkish population, of Constantinople, is opposed to any further extension to the advice of the Turkish allies. The Turkish tribes of Asia fierce as in the days of Timur, could be raised and united, in its moment's warning, and should a war occur, the most religious would doubtless call to the "prophecy's banner." The most religious. It is believed that it will be impossible to detain the forces already in the field, should terms of peace be proposed. The Turks are eager for a conflict with the warring tribes, branded them as pagans. And should Russia and Turkey fight and England must stand by the latter, or forever lose their prestige in the East. Russia, in possession of Constantinople, master of European and Asiatic commerce. Turkey has rights on her side, and the fact of her weakness, as compared with makes her cause that of all truly civilized nations. The war it stands, is disastrous to Europe. It has immensely affected a crisis, raised the price of breadstuffs, and comparatively stopped. As usual, the masses of poor people are the chief sufferers. For them, it were better that actual war should ensue. For European struggle the masses might possibly find comfort in claims to something better than servitude and endless taxation.

Mr. WALKER CARR, who has lately been touring extensively in the Western States, is now in this city, and will give a Spiritual Conference in Broad Street, on Tuesday evening. He gave an encouraging account of the progress of Spiritism West, and stated that the friends in that quarter are now beginning for more systematic and practical movement tending to the sub government of man and society, as growing out of the new revelation a suitable hall can be procured, Mr. Chase will probably give lectures in this city, ere he departs.

White Railroads Eject.—The city of Louisville, Ky., is not a single railroad running into her limits. Since then she has been to different roads the amount of \$2,000,000. The value of the Louisville, in 1848, when she entered upon the grand railway building, was a little over \$10,000,000, now, after five years it is a little less than \$30,000,000, and the city was never increased rapidly in population, and never exhibited more evidence of prosperity.

Orion.—The Chinese resist the opinion trade, and even now press for money, the Emperor refuses to derive a revenue from the trade. No one can buy a Chinese Emperor's noble piece of meat with the East India Company. The revenue would be about \$2,000,000 a year, though it was stated to him in the recommending him to increase it, it would be over \$7,000,000. I or less, he nobly refused to derive any revenue from the trade being due to his subjects.

Mrs. SUTHER ON MEN.—In her lecture the other night, Mrs. S. made up her opinion of man thus: "If a man has a job of work, he gives a woman a woman, if he has a bad bill to pass off, he gives a woman, if he has a lot of the sunless, he shows it to a woman, if he has a pretty trick or how else that would cost him a liberal sum head, it practiced upon a man, he gives a woman the best because there is no redress for her."



